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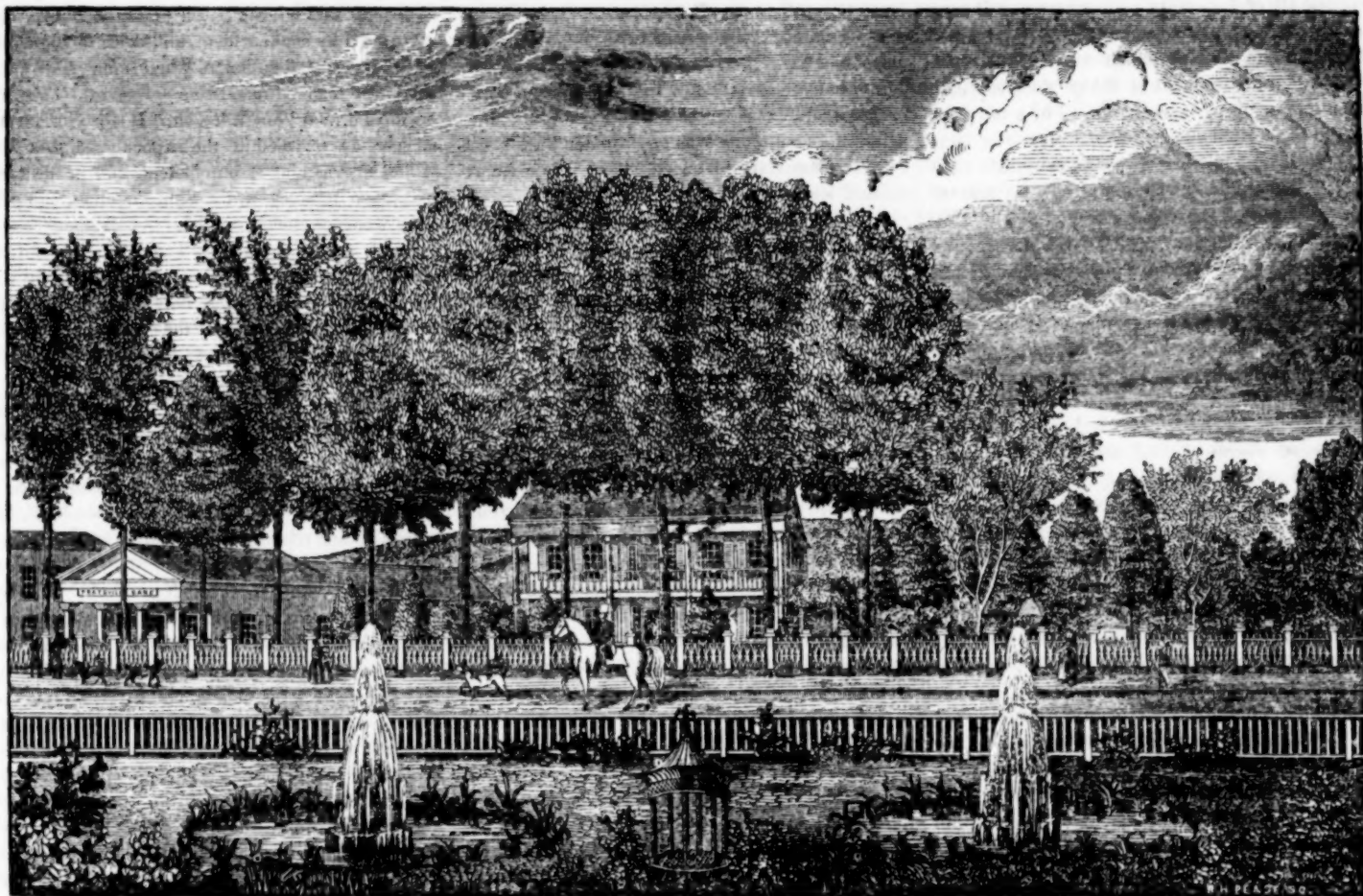
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RESIDENCE OF THE HON. ZADOCK PRATT, AT PRATTSVILLE, N. Y.



ZADOCK PRATT.

"A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod.
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

THE subject of this memoir was born October 30th, 1790, at Stephentown, Rensselaer County, New York. His father was a tanner. And Mr. Pratt spent his earlier days with him learning the trade at Middlebury. His life from the commencement of his early career has been checkered by an infinite variety. It exhibits pointed facts and established truths. It discloses a moral and a lesson that should be taught with REVELATION itself to the rising generation. It tells them in a language that they cannot mistake, that labor, perseverance, probity, and integrity will lead to independence and affluence, and gather honors for its votaries.—

It will show to them that there is but one road to pursue, and that is the path of virtue; that though thorns may peer at first through its narrow opening, yet the path widens as they advance, and flowers bloom to welcome them. We are not going to give a fancy sketch; we are going to exhibit the character, the life of a living, breathing man, marked by those positive traits which time has never changed, or prosperity ever weakened.— We will follow Mr. Pratt through some of the leading events of his life (being confined for space,) and we will see the same man through all its vicissitudes and changes. He is one of the very few to whom nature has given fixed, immovable principles of sterling solidity; upon whose granite basis he has reared his fortunes and his honors. His course

has ever been onward; like a small fountain, we see him start from his source, winding through many labyrinths, yet increasing as he advanced, until he has arrived at his present position of magnitude and importance. He has been the architect of his own fortunes, rising from an humble position in life, with a step that never faltered and a determination that encountered obstacles but to surmount them. He has now reached the station that dazzles by its affluence, and that position that commands by its dignity; yet, what appears so remarkable, he never neglected in his advance through life any of those duties which it was incumbent upon him as "man" to perform. Though economical he was never penurious, and the various relations in which he has been placed, has

ever shown him a friend and benefactor to all.—He possesses ambition without its folly; never led away into those wild extremes of infatuation which make so many forsake the principles of rectitude so as to arrive more easily at the "golden mark" they wish for. He has sought distinction only through the medium of integrity. We will now trace him through all the successive phases of the mechanic, the tanner, the statesman, and the banker, and, at last, we will hold him up to posterity as the philanthropist—in which name virtue blends her every ray into a lovely consistency, like that which forms the light of creation. We will give facts to support us as we advance.

When Mr. Pratt was in his father's tannery a little circumstance occurred, which, though itself not of much import, yet served to shadow forth his future character. We see in it that germ of economy which strengthened with his life, and was one of that combination of intrinsic qualities which crowned all of his efforts with success. During his leisure hours, then a mere boy, he braided whip-lashes, the sale of which after a little time, brought him the amount of thirty dollars, which was a large sum to be accumulated by a boy who had his regular labors to perform. He was next apprenticed to a saddler, where he continued until his time had expired. He may now be said to have fairly started into life.

He worked the first year for his father and brothers, as a journeyman saddler, at ten dollars per month, and then commenced business for himself. Always commencing every thing he undertook at the proper point, and never letting his business exceed his capacity, he opened his little shop at one end of a bark house, which was so unfortunately arranged, that whenever the door was opened clouds of dust from the mill came pouring in, rendering it scarcely tenable. His average time of labor was fifteen to sixteen hours per day. With a system that commenced with his first pursuit in life, he kept an exact account of all business transactions, and every year made an inventory of his possessions, so as to calculate his profits; and it may be remarked, that he has adhered to this plan even to the present time. He made the first year five hundred dollars, and the second twelve hundred, which continually increased until 1815. He sold his store just in time to escape the storm which so frequently and suddenly rises in the commercial world, and which overwhelmed his purchasers. He now entered into partnership with his brothers in the tanning business, which was carried on with such energy and management, that it proved prosperous to all concerned. We will give a little incident that will serve as an illustration of his judgment and energy of character. He knew that the first annual products sold best early in the season, and he was always among the first in market with his yearly product of leather. One spring, however, one of his partners wished to postpone the sale, and which Mr. Pratt insisted should take place immediately. His partner at length yielded to his solicitations, and the result showed the correctness of Mr. Pratt's judgment. Twenty-eight cents per pound were obtained for the leather, which, if the sale had been postponed, would have brought but twenty-one cents and a half per pound; this last was the price obtained by the tanners who sold at the time that Mr. Pratt's partner wished to dispose of their joint stock.

We will here have to glance at Mr. Pratt in a new sphere of action; yet we will see the "man" the same in the change; the prompt and energetic spirit which distinguished him in his former vocation, marked him as a soldier and an officer.—In 1814, inheriting the martial spirit of his father, who was one of the participators in the glorious, trying times of the Revolution, Mr. Pratt joined a company, and was appointed their steward.—Always adhering strictly to the line of his duty in his conduct to others, he was firm to maintain his own rights when they were unjustly invaded.—When he received the allowance as steward for his company from the commissary, he saw that the rations were much smaller than were allowed by the government. At the next time he received his supplies, he remonstrated against the injustice of the apportionment, and demanded the full rations provided by law. The commissary, surprised and indignant at the independence of an inferior, ordered him to be off. But he had to deal with one who would not suffer wrong with impunity; one who knew his rights, and had the spirit and courage to enforce them. Mr. Pratt obtained by his firmness and decision the full rations of his company, and no attempt was again made by the dishonest commissary to curtail them while he remained steward.

In 1821, he received a captain's commission in the Fifth Regiment of Artillery of the State of New York, and subsequently received an appointment of Colonel of the 116th Regiment of Infantry of the same state. His predominant characteristics were carried to his martial pursuits. That active energy which knew no cessation from its impulses, made him ever on the alert to promote the perfection of the discipline of his company, while his social qualities made him the favorite of his command. Whatever was needed by the company, more than was provided by law, and would contribute in any way to their improvement or respect, he furnished at his private expense. He furnished a regiment which he commanded with a full uniform, and all of the music, which cost him the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars. He proposed to mount the cannon at his own expense, but Governor Clinton complimentarily remarked, "that he had already done his part." In 1826, he resigned his commission, and retired from military life.

Mr. Pratt, in 1819, and 20, having disposed of his share in the concern, undertook an adventure for his brothers, to Canada, to traffic in furs. He underwent all the rigors of the Canada winter, and indeed, so much was he liable to exposure and the cold, that had he not had an iron constitution, he must have sunk under them. But he safely and successfully accomplished the object of his mission, and on his return home stopped at the principal hotel in Albany. His apparel, which had been chosen with an eye to the comforts of his business, and though exactly suited to resist a Canadian winter, looked rather rough in the fashionable hotel at Albany. The host did not deny him admittance, but gave him an insulting welcome. He walked to the bar and asked him to keep a small package for him; this was a large purse of gold to a considerable amount. Our host eyes glistened at the jingling of the yellow mint drops. He became the lion of the hotel, overwhelmed with the attention of the waiters, and

bored with the officious politeness of our host, from whom he found it difficult to get rid the next morning on his departure. "This adventure," said he, "taught me, if I had money, I had friends."

"In 1828, among the wilds of Windham, he established his gigantic tannery, the largest in the world. That it has proved successful, is evinced by his immense fortune. We would here give a statement of the size and expense of this establishment, but we must hurry to a close. Let it suffice, that in that then wilderness, he founded a village which now bears his name, and contains two thousand inhabitants. One hundred of the houses were built by Col. Pratt himself, and to the erection of the public edifices he subscribed with a liberal hand. What will not one of nature's genuses, joined with perseverance and industry, effect? Like the magician's wand, it surprises by the splendor of its creations. We have seen a village spring up through the power and influence of one man, as if by enchantment, and fields now pressed with luxuriant abundance, where a few years back the forest towered in pristine grandeur. This inculcates a moral and a lesson. It tells you a truth as sure as revealed in the Apocalypse, that the will of man is almost omnipotent, and if swayed by proper motives in the right direction, can perform wonders almost equal to the fabulous creations of Aladdin's lamp. The liberality of Col. Pratt is unbounded. It lives every where: in the literary institution, in the holy place of worship, and in the humble cabin of the cottager. We will give the following extracts from the "Christian Intelligencer," as an illustration:

"Go thou and do likewise. It is common for men to feel interested in scenes and circumstances with which in former years they have been conversant; for this reason it afforded me much pleasure to notice in your weekly paper some weeks since, a brief outline relating to the early life, business habits, and successful career of the Hon. Zadock Pratt, of Greene County, New-York, who, by steady perseverance and undeviating integrity, has attained the summit of pecuniary independence. As an appendage to that communication, thinking that a few lines relating to his religious benevolence, which has been manifest on many occasions, irrespective of sectarian considerations, might be acceptable to many of your readers, and also might prove an incentive to others to imitate his laudable example, as an illustration of the prominent qualities of his energetic mind, as before stated I will relate a little circumstance which occurred when he was about twenty-five years of age. At an election of trustees to superintend the pecuniary matters of the Presbyterian church, in the town where he then resided, he was chosen one of the number, and also collector. In reply to this invitation he started, that he did not covet the office, but if he did serve in that capacity, he should insist upon prompt payment when due, as "the laborer is worthy of his hire." In case of failure, he should commence legal proceedings against the delinquents. Some objected, fearing such a course might give great offence; but the result was not so. This decisive announcement had the desired effect; the subscriptions were promptly and regularly paid, and all parties appeared to be convinced and satisfied with the propriety of such a prompt mode of procedure to secure the salary of the pastor

at the appointed time of payment. Some years after this, during his absence from home and while attending to his imperative duties, the tannery owned by him and brother was destroyed by fire.—This roused the sympathy of their friends and neighbors, and many freely entered their name on a subscription list for their relief. Such an expression of kindness and benevolence was timely and praiseworthy; but the house of God at that time greatly needed repair, Col. Pratt generously gave the whole amount to carry that object into effect; saying to his brother, "although we have sustained a loss, we are still as well off as many who have subscribed to our relief." In a little while, by management and industry, he recovered from his loss, and bestowed one hundred dollars as a donation to a benevolent society in New-York."

"Some time afterward," observes the same paper, "a new church was built at the cost of three thousand dollars, to which Col. Pratt subscribed one third, and offered a house worth eighty dollars per annum, rent free, as a residence for the minister. He also subscribed one third for the building of the Methodist church, and gave them a parsonage worth eight hundred dollars. To the erection of the Episcopal church he contributed like wise liberally, and the total amount of his charities may be set down as exceeding twenty thousand dollars."

These facts speak for themselves, and they will live as long as there is a pen to record them and human nature is sensible to the worth of the higher attributes of a man.

"In 1840, Col. Pratt established a bank at Prattsville, under the free banking law of the state of New York, with a capital of one hundred thousand dollars, and it does a business of one million of dollars annually; and so high is the credit of that institution, that the notes are actually at par in New York.

In 1836, he was elected one of the Electors of the President and Vice President of the United States by the Democratic party. He was likewise the same year elected one of the representatives in Congress for the Eighth Congressional District of New-York. We are now going to speak of Col. Pratt in a new sphere. We have seen him distinguished as a soldier, mechanic, farmer, tanner and banker, and he filled with ability all of these various relations. His countrymen had called him from his comparatively humble sphere, like Cincinnati, to rule and govern them. The question may be asked, did he fill the station of legislator with the same capacity that he had shown in his other vocations? We answer, he did; and we would have expected as much. We hold up this doctrine, that he who is successful in his own affairs, is invariably so in the execution of public trusts. The laws of nature are unfailing and un-deviating, and industry, and perseverance, energy and talent, can in any situation accomplish their proper ends. Col. Pratt took his seat at Washington, knowing the importance of his position, fully aware of the duties he was to perform, and anxious properly to discharge them. He went there not versed in the lore of the literary world, but strong in his native strength, and guided by the light of practical experience. Confident in himself, from the full tide of success that had ever crowned his efforts, he unhesitatingly advanced

his opinions whenever occasion seemed to demand them. He is one of those men upon whom nature appears to have put her seal of general greatness, by giving him a clear conception of the duties he has to perform, and the spirit and talent at once to execute them.

Col. Pratt, during his congressional life, showed his distinguished traits; was liked by his colleagues, made himself familiar with the duties of his office, and did more to remedy the various wants than any other statesman of his time. This is no idle assertion, and we will give convincing proof, by exhibiting in their proper order a few of the most distinguished legislative acts which had their origin from him.

March 11, 1838, he moved for a reduction of postage. That measure, which has since passed, and fraught with so many advantages, owed its origin to Col. Pratt. March 12, 1838, he presented a resolution of the state of New-York, and moved that some mode be provided for obtaining the various kinds of seeds and plants, to be distributed, through the medium of the Patent Office, gratuitously, to the farmers, to encourage and elevate agricultural pursuits. July 4, 1838, in an ably-written address, in which was exhibited to his constituents all of his acts in public life, he declined being a candidate for re-election; but they strenuously insisted upon his serving. On January 28, 1839, he moved that an examination be made of the materials of which the public buildings at Washington were constructed. On February 28, 1839, he made his report, showing the inadequacy of the materials, and asking, further, that granite or marble should hereafter be used. He also submitted the plan for the erection of the General Post Office, which has since been built according to his views; and to Col. Pratt we are mainly indebted for the erection of that splendid edifice of marble. On March 1, 1839, he addressed the House of Representatives for the purpose of having constructed a dry dock at Brooklyn. This address is replete with valuable information on commerce, statistics, and exchange. The same year he moved for the establishment of a mint branch at New-York. In January, 1844, moved for providing suitable forms, to be furnished by the Secretary of the Treasury, for the annual returns of banks. On January 8, 1844, he was the first to move for a repayment of the fine imposed upon Gen. Jackson, and wished to have it placed upon record that fifteen out of the seventeen millions of the inhabitants had so instructed their representatives. On January 12, 1844, he again calls the attention of Congress to the establishment of the branch mint at New-York; and presented a bill for the amendment of the naturalization laws. On January 27, 1844, he is appointed chairman of a committee, which had been appointed through a resolution made by him, to search into the expediency of establishing a bureau of statistics and commerce, in connection with the Secretary of the Treasury.—On March 8, 1844, he submits a report as chairman of the select committee, on the bureau of statistics and commerce, accompanied by tables showing loans and discounts of the banks, imports and exports, and balance of trade for a series of years of our government with other nations, illustrating the importance of the proposed measure, and concluding with a bill to provide for the collection of national statistics. On March 18, 1844,

moved resolution respecting care and management of the furnaces used to heat the halls and rooms of the capitol. On April 12, 1844, he moves for the appropriation of public ground for a national monument, and also for an addition to be made to the Patent Office. May 15, 1844, moves for the transfer of clerks in the treasury department to perform the duties of the bureau of statistics, agreeably to the report of the select committee on that subject. May 4, 1844, reports on the proposed change of the hall and library of the House of Representatives, with plan and estimates. May 25, 1844, makes a report, showing that the expenditures of the District of Columbia exceeded ten millions of dollars since the organization of the government. Makes a report on the monument square, with a plan and drawing for a national monument to Washington. Moves that any person having charge of public property should return an inventory of the same once in two years; and submitted a resolution for the laying out and inclosing the monument square. June 5, 1844, moves to provide a mode for making the returns of public property by officers of government holding the same. June 7, 1844, moves for the distribution of the national medals among state libraries, colleges, and academies; also for erecting monuments to deceased members of Congress with marble, instead of the crumbling sandstone hitherto used; and likewise for topographical bureaus to cause a plan of the city of Washington and views of the capitol and public buildings to be engraved, and copies to be sent by ministers and consuls as presents to foreign courts. December 4, 1844, moves a resolution to authorize the Secretary of War to loan marquees and tents to the fairs of the state agricultural societies. December 26, 1844, moves for providing for periodical renewals, and greater security of the bonds of public officers. December 31, 1844, moves to select a site for the National Washington Monument. January 10, 1845, moves for providing for the painting, repairing, etc. of the presidential mansion, and other public buildings. January 28, 1845, moves for the preservation of flags and other trophies taken in battle, and also makes a report on our national trophies; reports on the War and Navy Department, accompanied with plans, drawings, and estimates; and with a short introductory, presents a memorial of Asa Whitney on the importance of a national railroad to the Pacific; and likewise submits a report on the ventilation of the Hall of Representatives, and to prevent the echo which had long been a source of annoyance to the House. February 7, 1845, again urges the importance of a statistical bureau. February 15, 1845, submits resolutions for extending the American commerce; to send delegations to Corea and Japan, to do away with the existing prejudices they entertained with trading with foreigners, so that we could have the benefit of commercial transactions with upward of seventy millions of people. February 21, 1845, moves for the appointment of three commissioners to investigate the public departments and bureaus at Washington, with a view to a better organization and an equalization of duties and salaries of public offices. Moves for estimates and plans to be made out for erecting a dwelling for the cabinet opposite the presidential mansion. Also reports on the population, revenue, and production of the United States, and showing the relative growth of the

Northern and Southern States. On the same day makes a report on the national buildings at Washington. February 26, 1845, again moves for the amendment of the naturalization laws. February 28, 1845, moves a bill respecting the Smithsonian Institution, which has since become a law; proposing that a portion of the revenue received by it, should be appropriated to the improvement of agriculture and the mechanic arts. March 3, 1845, makes a report showing the amount of salary of each public officer at Washington, and the state from which they were appointed; also reports on the duties upon imports, tonnage, and revenue, by showing the amount collected each year from the formation of government. March 5, 1845, addresses his constituents in an able speech, and declines a re-election to Congress. In 1845, offers a resolution providing for the engraving of patents and their distribution through every county in the United States, for the benefit of mechanics; to suggest, by a view of different improvements and models, a new train of ideas, which would be of the greatest practical use, and might be the germs of future inventions.

Thus we have run over, and exhibited in a mere tabular form, some of the leading acts of Col. Pratt during his public career. It would fill a volume were we to descant upon the usefulness of each according to their respective merits; and for want of space, will have to let them speak for themselves.

The career of Col. Pratt has been truly a remarkable one. Whether we view him as the boy and apprentice, struggling with the first difficulties of an humble destiny, or as the wealthy, opulent citizen, or profound legislator, we see the same prominent traits that stamp him as one of "Nature's noblemen," evident in his progressive march. We can recognize in the man the familiar traits of his boyhood. He has not lost his identity under the different influences he has moved; he only travels in a larger orbit, adorning the extended circle which he has created himself through a life of untiring industry. He is yet in the very meridian of life, and can enjoy, what falls to the lot of but few, the fruits of the labors of his foregoing life. He can sit beneath his own fig-tree at Prattsville, look on the beautiful village, with its garden flowering and blossoming with loveliness, like the Eden of old, and exclaim, This have I done. He can look back upon his past career, and catch a beam of gladness from the review; he will see no act to degrade, but all to elevate him in his self-estimation. Ever happy in his domestic relations, he is known as a tender husband and indulgent father.

In 1846, Col. Pratt closed his extensive tannery at Prattsville, after tanning nearly a million of sides of sole leather, using one hundred and fifty thousand cords of bark from ten square miles of bark land, one thousand years of labor, and some six millions of dollars, without a single case of legal litigation. He has not only amassed wealth for himself, but has ever been an assistant to others. He has endorsed for his friends, in the course of ten years, to the immense amount of five hundred thousand dollars, receiving four hundred protests. He has extended his helping hands to individuals when oppressed with want, and to societies and institutions. In his public career he was assiduous in his duties, always at his post. He tells us, in

his speech delivered to his constituents, that he was never absent, even for a single day, from his duty; and, to quote one forcible expression, he exclaims, "Wrong I may have done, mistaken I may have been; but I have never neglected to do." View him "all in all," in every relation that he has filled—and they have been multiplied and varied enough to test the man—he has been an example to his cotemporaries, and will be held up as a model by posterity. With the practical wisdom of a Franklin, he guided and directed with a master hand the political currents of the day, without exciting the envy or enmity of his associates. And this was no doubt owing to his straight forward character; for there is nothing about him that is doubtful that has a twilight existence; but all his traits are strong in their native light as summer's day. Whatever he has touched, you have seen at once a change for the better—it flourished and prospered. As the moon affects the tide of nature, so will great minds swell the current of human events. Viewing him as a philanthropist, we can only say that he is the Howard of his time. Like him he has relieved the voice of anguish by his bounty, and assisted the needy to advance in their business; and more than him, the charity has been exerted in a more munificent sphere.—*American Phrenological Journal.*

TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

IRENE MERIDITH.

Or, the Adventures of a Gold Watch.

BY LUCY A. BROCKSBANK.

WELL do I remember the day on which I awoke, as it were, to a consciousness of existence; it is impossible to describe the sensations I experienced, when my heart, hitherto dormant, received its first impulse from the mighty power of mechanism, and the secret springs and wheels of my curious structure commenced their mysterious operations:—when I found myself, as by magic, endowed with life and power of motion.

I had hitherto led a quiet, dreamy life, in company with my equally silent companions, who, with myself, occupied a snug little nook in a jeweller's store, surrounded by gems of every grade and complexion, from the delicate pearl to the sable jet; not even dreaming that a brighter star, spangled the blue arch of heaven, than the glittering diamond by my side. Happy in my seclusion from a world of which I was entirely ignorant, I felt no desire to leave my comfortable couch of crimson and gold—nor was I altogether pleased, when one bright morning in midsummer I found myself, in company of several of my late companions, suspended in the shop window; exposed to the view of the busy, bustling, staring world. At first, I experienced no slight degree of shame and diffidence at this public exhibition of my face, but gradually this modesty wore away, giving place to emotions more in keeping with the position I was called to fill: curiosity, vanity, and pride, soon put those puerile and unfashionable sensations to flight and it was, ere long, with inexpressible delight that I beheld one after another bestow upon my form or features, the glance of admiration or the word of praise.

"It is sweet to live," thought I, and my heart beat rapidly, as I beheld the eye of beauty, fixed affectionately upon my face. The old and the

young, the grave and the gay, seemed equally pleased with my appearance, but I observed one young lady, who, in particular, appeared to be remarkably "taken" with me; daily, as she passed and repassed, on her way to, and from school, would she pause, and contemplate in undisguised admiration my brilliant face. The consequence was, I became, before I was aware of it, desperately in love; and like all youthful aspirants for ladies' glances I felt the elasticity of my mainspring redoubled by her smile, and at the sound of her light foot-step my heart would beat so rapidly that I was regarded with amazement by my elder, and more sage companions, who doubtless attributed my zeal to emulation. If so, they mistook my motives it was love, not ambition, that inspired my bosom, and rendered my heart's pulsations somewhat too rapid for the regular performance of the daily duties which were expected, at my hands.

But soon, a "change came o'er the spirit of my dream." For several days I had missed the accustomed glance of my fair admirer as her usual daily walks were discontinued. It was then I learned how much my own happiness had become dependent on her smiles. I became sad and dejected; disgusted with the noisy, tumultuous, world, and weary of myself and all around me.

The state of my feelings became apparent in my countenance, and the change was soon noted by my better regulated companions; even my master eyed me with increasing displeasure, and although he forbore to censure, it was sufficiently evident that he regarded me as one of unstable mind—unworthy of trust or confidence. On one occasion in particular, my pride was deeply wounded. A young gentleman entered the store with the view of obtaining a "truthful monitor" for a companion.—His eye at once rested upon me, I saw I had made an impression, and my vanity was exceedingly flattered, by his preference, and to tell the truth, I was becoming weary with my situation and felt more than willing to change my master; and I was much pleased with the appearance of the stranger, whose fine benevolent countenance, and unassuming demeanor, assured me that he was one of Nature's noblemen; consequently to have found favor in the eyes of such a person would have afforded me extreme pleasure. Judge then of my mortification, when my master, in reply to the stranger's expression of admiration, said—"That watch—sir—is a beautiful specimen of workmanship, but I am sorry to say that I cannot recommend it; there is something wrong within."—Without designing to bestow a second glance upon my face, a wiser selection was soon made among my better regulated companions who had, one and all, been witness to my disgrace, and who even dared to look the contempt they were unable to express.

In truth, I had few friends, among them:—some were jealous of my superior attractions, others, disgusted with my vanity, and not a few regarded me as a brainless *exquisite*—useless—except as a lady's attendant;—while my pride and self-conceit were sufficiently evident to all.

Alas! too late I learned that the pinnacle of pride is "too narrow for friendship, too high for safety, and too cold for comfort."

So wounded was my vanity that I fell fifty per cent in my own estimation. So humbled was my pride that I would willingly have exchanged my glittering attire of gold and jewels for the silver-

grey of a modest little quakeress by my side, whose truthful face, was ever an index of a well regulated heart, and who would no sooner have been suspected of deceit than the venerable *Town Clock* himself.

The lesson, though painful, proved a greater benefit than all the flattery I had hitherto received, for it taught me what I might otherwise have never learned—that a beautiful face, and costly garb, may attract the wandering eye, but can never secure the approbation of the wise and good—that something more was required of me than merely to dazzle the eyes of the curious world, who admired me not for what I *was*, but for what I *wore*—viewing me only as a beautiful bauble, when in truth, I should guard my movements, as to warn the reckless of time misspent, by pointing in solemn silence to the swiftly gliding hours which bear them onward to eternity.

After a season of bitter reflection, I resolved to alter my course, to be faithful in the performance of my duty, to think more of my master's approving eye, and less of the passing world, whose smile could not benefit—whose frown could not injure, provided, I had a friend in him who was both able, and willing to assist me. No longer would I be looked upon as a "gay deceiver," in whom the truth was not, or as a beautiful idiot, devoid alike of wit and worth; but I would henceforth endeavor to be, what I would wish to appear; at least truth should ever mark my course, let my destiny be what it might.

True it is, that a good resolution brings its own reward, as also, an evil intention its own punishment. I had no sooner begun in sober earnest, to act upon my resolution, than a visible change became perceptible in all around:—my companions encouraged me by their mutual accompaniment and my master beheld me with pleased astonishment, but I observed something of doubt and incredulity lurking in his intelligent eye as he turned away, which for a moment damped my energies, for believe, my friends, we all desire the confidence, and esteem of others, however, unworthy we may be. Still I was not discouraged by his distrustful glances, but thought I, when the sun shall have finished his daily course, he shall not find me "behind the time." True—enough! but, he found me far *ahead* of it. In my ardor and impetuosity, I had "gained" full two hours, for which I was sorely crest-fallen, and gained also the reputation of an "enthusiast."

"Live and learn"—thought I, another day, I may be more successful in my endeavors to keep the time. The rising sun found me at my duties, but such a restraint did I impose upon myself, that I felt unconsciously behind my companions, and when the old *Town Clock* had told the hours of twelve, I had a full half-hour to run, e'er I should reach the goal:—and I was accused of "sleeping at my post."

How vain are our best endeavors, unaided by a higher power!—I had been laboring, toiling, and trusting in my own strength and my every effort proved a failure. My master's eye had been upon me; he beheld my perplexity even before I thought of seeking his aid, and it was now, with heart-felt gratitude that I received his instructions, and the timely impulse from his hand. From that hour, with his guidance, I was enabled to perform my daily duties, with benefit to others, and satisfaction to myself. I had become contented with my situa-

tion, and happy in the society of my companions who were no longer envious of the charms I had ceased to vaunt, nor disgusted with my pride and self-conceit.

I had been meditating, one morning upon the happy change thus wrought within myself, and resolving that I would nevermore relapse into my old habits of indolence and duplicity, when to my surprise and pleasure, I beheld the young lady whose appearance had so deeply interested me, enter the store in company with an elderly gentleman whom I imagined to be her father. After purchasing a pair of golden-bowed spectacles, he was about to leave the store, when the young lady detained him by directing his attention to me, saying, in the sweetest voice imaginable.

"Papa, that is a beautiful watch."

"Ay—very, my daughter."

"I am sixteen—you know, papa."

"Ay—I know."

"And I should so much like to have a watch."

"Ay—doubtless—so would almost any little girl," replied the invincible old gentleman, who appeared to be a man of few words.

"Pray do not call me *little girl*, again, papa," said the half-indignant damsel. "I am not a school-girl now."

The old gentleman was conveniently deaf—he drew forth his gold repeater, and compared the time in the most leisurely manner imaginable—drew his fingers carelessly through his silver locks, and adjusted his beaver preparatory to a walk.—All this time too bright eyes were glancing alternately at the old gentleman and myself, as if somewhat anxious—at least extremely doubtful as to the *finale* of all these movements. Hard, indeed, must have been the heart to have withstood the pleading of those eloquent eyes, and I was disposed to imagine from the general outline of the father's countenance, that his heart was not of stone. In fact, he appeared to be meditating with an occasional sly glance at my face, upon the propriety of committing my delicate proportions to the tender mercies of his mad-cap daughter. Eventually, affection seemed to get the better of his judgment, and I was thereupon consigned to the soft little hand of my fair admirer, apparently, no less to his satisfaction than my own.

"Thank you papa"—she said when we had gained the pave, "how can I ever repay you for this beautiful present?"

"By making a proper use of it, my daughter."

"Certainly—papa, I will commence, by wearing it to the concert, this evening."

"Very well, child, provided you tuck it very carefully beneath your sash, and glance at it only at the proper time."

"And when—pray, may be the proper time;—papa, I dislike that old-fashioned word—*aunt Polly* is ever harping upon the propriety of matters, and things, until the very idea conveyed thereby, has become, synonymous with "old maid."

"Nonsense! child, you, doubtless will become just such another old maid as your aunt *Polly*. I remember the time"—

"Never, papa—but what were you about to say?"

"I remember the time when your aunt was a wild girl like yourself—and handsomer by far."

"Impossible! papa—but you have not told me, yet, when I may, without impropriety, look at my watch."

"When the evening advances, and your weary eyes, admonish you that your usual hour of repose draws near—will you promise me one thing my love?"

"Yes—papa, provided it has nothing to do with visiting aunt *Polly*, or of being married to that gawky cousin of ours."

"Hush! child—you will doubtless run away to the one, and *with* the other, yet, without my knowledge, or permission. But will you promise to spend fifteen minutes of every day, in attentively listening to the still, small voice of this little monitor, and tell me sometimes, what it says?"

"Why, papa, what a curious idea!—but I know what it will say."

"What?—my love."

"Oh!—that my school days are over—that the bright, beautiful world is all before me—that I have only to be good, in order to be happy."

"Ah?—but do you promise?"

"Yes, papa."

The conversation was here interrupted by their arrival at home, where the old gentleman found company awaiting his return. My young mistress proceeded, directly to her own private apartment, (as I was led to conjecture from its appearance) where she threw aside her walking-dress, and after releasing a shower of shining curls from their temporary confinement, she proceeded to examine more leisurely, her beautiful present.

"How very kind of papa," she said to herself, "and such an odd way of doing it too—just to think of sitting still for a *whole quarter of an hour* to listen to the *tick-tick-ticking*, of a senseless little watch, but what I have promised, I must perform."

A summons from the dining room, here interrupted her soliloquy, and placing me upon the table she proceeded to arrange her toilette. The beautiful ringlets were soon adjusted to her evident satisfaction, when to my disappointment, she left the room, without allowing me to accompany her. This little slight I attributed to momentary forgetfulness, as I knew her to be not only fond, but vain of me.

Consequently, it became my turn to meditate, and whether I employed my time more profitably than in self-examination, I leave my readers to decide.

I now found leisure to look around me, and being somewhat curious to discover the true character of my fair mistress, I proceeded with my investigations, forthwith. And pardon me dear reader, if I take the liberty of proposing an amendment to the old, favorite adage, viz: "As the face is an index of the heart," *so is a young lady's room an index of her habits*. Forgive me, then if I describe as far as I am able, from a brief observation the appearance of the private apartment of the beautiful, and accomplished Irene Meridith—my mistress.

The table upon which I lay was covered by what *had been* a snowy cloth, a small mirror graced the back ground upon, whose somewhat dingy surface I beheld for the first time my own face.

On my right, was a cologne bottle, a faded boquet, with sundry articles, the use and names of which I was as ignorant as a savage. On my left, was a basket of miscellanies defying enumeration, or description. Within a recess was a bed, upon which lay a walking-dress, hat, parasol, gloves, &c.

And from *beneath* which protruded a half open trunk, a bandbox *minus*, a cover, and a pair of slippers that might have belonged to the renowned Cinderella of old.

On the opposite side of the room was a book-case through the half-open door of which I endeavored to discover the class of volumes therein contained, but the state of confusion reigning within rendered this impossible. The writing desk was likewise open, and exposed to view were "notes of invitation,"—"ladies' compliments," and "gentlemen's love ditties," all lying in the most interesting confusion imaginable. Upon one chair was spread a splendid Cashmere—upon another, an embroidered handkerchief, with a fan to bear it company. The carpet had evidently waited *long*, and waited *vainly* for the "mistress of order" to make her appearance.

Now, the truth was, I had a great desire to think well of my fair young mistress; *lovely*, she certainly was, and *amiable* without a doubt; and I confess I was truly grieved to witness such a want of order in her own private apartment, for it caused me to fear that the "young lady abroad," and the "young lady at home," are scarcely to be recognized as one and the same. However, I felt that my reflections were not such, as it becometh an admirer to cherish of his fair mistress, though it did strike me at the time, that lovers in general would recover their sight, in spite of the dazzling wiles of the "blind god" were they to be, like myself, suddenly transported to the dressing room of their *dulcineas*, and left for one half hour to solitude, and sober reflection.

"Still, I felt the laudable desire of possessing 'that charity which covereth a multitude of sins,' and I resolved to elevate my mind to nobler pursuits, thereupon my face, very naturally turned to the ceiling, when lo!—I beheld an enormous spider comfortably dining at his plentiful board—numerous victims were still writhing to free themselves from the silken toils, by which they were held unwilling captives, evidently without even the faint hope of deliverance, from that terror of all spiders, the "merciless besom."

Here my reflections were for a season, suspended by the circumstance of my having *fallen asleep*, possibly from weariness, but more probably from the fact of my having "run down," as the saying is;—nor did I awake, until aroused by my mistress on the following morning just as the golden beams of the rising sun were pouring in at the uncurtained window, and convincing me beyond doubt that the phantoms of confusion lately floating around me were not merely the creations of fancy produced by a dream.

I became fully aroused when my mistress presented her hand, and with an affectionate smile, said.

"Come my little Mentor, I am now ready to listen to thy 'still small voice,' while the dimples plagued roguishly about her rosy mouth, and with her laughing black eyes fixed upon my face, she sat like a beautiful statue, in an attitude of mock-attention.

I felt my responsibility, and I would willingly have given her a few private lessons upon the "secret of order,"—but being desirous of winning her confidence I resolved to defer that delicate topic to a future time. For a few moments I spoke to her of the bright flowers that decked her path-

way of life—of loving friends, of a kind and indulgent father, and the budding hopes that clustered around her young brow, but of cares, disappointments, and blighted hopes, I told her nothing.—Perceiving that I had gained her attention, and that the mock-solemnity, had passed from her now thoughtful countenance, I changed the subject and referred her back, to the death-scene of her sainted mother, reminding her of the dread stillness that reigned in the chamber of death, as the physician, holding his watch as she *at that moment* held her own, marking the swiftly gliding moments by the wavering pulse, and listening in dread suspense to the quick—faint breathing that was so soon to be hushed in eternal silence.

Fifteen—twenty—minutes passed away and still her eyes were fixed upon my face; but I fancied that her mind's eye was far away, on other, and dearer forms than mine. A pensive sadness had stolen over her features rendering her sweet countenance doubly interesting, indeed I do not remember to have beheld a more lovely face.

I know not how long she would have remained in this mental abstraction, had not the sound of the breakfast bell aroused her from her reverie.—Placing me again upon the table, she adjusted her beautiful hair, assumed her wonted smile, and left the room, without me as before. I confess I *was* not altogether pleased with the seclusion in which I was compelled to remain, but there was no alternative, and I began to reflect upon my past life, and to form, perhaps, a few vain conjectures as to my future destiny. Earlier in life, I might have repined, but experience had taught me wisdom, every situation, has its annoyances, and likewise its enjoyments. With whatsoever we have, it is wise to be content. I had just arrived at this sage conclusion, when to my surprise, my mistress reappeared, her face bathed in tears, and glowing with indignation.

"How *provoking*?" she exclaimed, as she dashed from her flashing eyes the falling tears," would to heaven some agency, celestial or infernal would detain this gawky cousin beyond the peak of "Ascuteiny." I marry a White Mountain boy! a Yankee from the granite hills! good!—can my father believe that I will *make myself agreeable*? ha! I have an *idea*. I will outwit a Yankee yet, methinks, renowned as they are for, sharpness. He has not seen me these ten years, thank fortune, and papa, will be absent for three days, at least. So let him come, this Adonis, of yankeedom." Ha! ha! I see him now—his tall gaunt figure, impudent phiz, and hungry look—his wirey hair of hue indescribable, and eyes of the same color his broad gloveless hand clenching, *imaginary* dollars, and his bell crowned hat of the seventeenth century—thus have I seen him in my dreams, till his very image, is bended on my cranium—but there is no time to be lost—so now for my project."

So saying, she dashed from her eyes the lingering tears, and from her brow the rebellious ringlets and snatching up the bell she rang it violently.—Almost instantly appeared the maid, Bridget, with the broom in her hand, and alarm pictured in her glowing face.

"Oh! miss—you ar'n't ill I hope, and your fader away the while?"

"Ill?—not I, indeed—but tell me Bridget, would you like to be married?"

This question appeared to be equally, unexpected

and interesting, Biddy dropped her broom, rolled up her eyes, and began to feel for her head, as if doubtful as to her own identity.

"You understand me, Bridget, would you like a good husband, provided you could get one?"

"La! miss, you must be joking."

"Indeed, I *am* not, and you must lose no time in idle words—yes, or no, at once?"

"Yes, then, if I die for it," replied the blushing maid, with a desperate effort.

"Very well—Bridget, now, listen to me. I know of a *nice* young man who wants a wife. I cannot describe him not having seen him for many years—but he is *not* handsome, will that be any objection?"

"Not a bit—not a bit—go on miss if you please."

But he is rich, I believe—indeed, I *am* not quite certain—"

"No, matter—is he a native of *surate* Ireland, the *gim* of the *say*?"

"He is not—but *you* are, and when you are married, you will be *one* you know."

"Of course—miss of *coorse*—when will I see him?"

"This day—perhaps, this very hour, and if you possess sufficient courage and resolution you may win him for yourself."

"How?—good lord!—jist tell me how?"

"You must personate me."

"Do what, to you?" inquired the bewildered maid.

"You do not understand me?"

"No, Miss," stammered Biddy, "I niver studied dictionary—there's Patrick, me brither, he took to book-larin—"

"My mistress did not stay to hear the conclusion, but arose rather abruptly, (to conceal her mirth perhaps,) and taking from a closet a white dress, with other articles to match, bade the bewildered maid array herself with all possible expedition.

This apparently facile operation was not, however, very dexteriously performed, for it nearly baffled their united endeavors to succeed in encompassing the developed proportions of the buxom maid within the prescribed limits. The formidable feat was at length accomplished, and my mistress had just completed the operation, by attaching an enormous yellow rosette to the red hair of her quondam representative when a tremendous pull at the bell wire, announced an important arrival.

[Concluded in our next.]

MISCELLANY.

ANECDOTE OF MR. WEBSTER.

ONE day last summer, when Mr. Webster was on a fishing excursion, in Marshfield, two Boston exquisites came down to the beach on a hunt. In their eager pursuit of game they unconsciously became surrounded by the noiseless tide, on a little island. What to do they knew not, being merely amateur sportmen, and not dressed for the business; as luck would have it, a stout robust looking individual, some six feet high or more, hove in sight. The new comer was evidently a sportman—but unlike them, had a form as well as an address that meant something. He was clad in coarse habili-

ments, with a slouched hat and all the accoutrements befitting his occupation; and when his manly strides had brought him within hailing distance of the two bucks, some forty years his juniors, they began most lustily to call on him to help them from their insulated condition, which they no doubt considered as "dem'd awkward."

"Halloa, old dandy," said one, "give us a lift, will ye, on those brawny shoulders of yours and put us on your continent, from whence we incontinently came hither in our excessive zeal for the foine birds."

"Oh, certainly," exclaimed the hero of the blouse and hat, and boldly stepped into the creek, and one by one, even as Aeneas did his father the old Anchises on his shoulders bear, bore them to the main land once more; on arriving at which they assured their kind bearer that he was "divilish clever," and should not go unrewarded—and suiting the action to the word, slipped a "quarter" into his hand, with an air that seemed to say,—"there fellow, take that and be happy." But much to their surprise the fellow utterly refused it; whereupon the dandies began to fumble their pockets for more change, but the hunter of the moors refused all compensation.

"Well, then," said one of them, "let us know my foine fellow, who to thank."

"My name is Daniel Webster," said he.

The two dandies sloped without saying another word, and Mr. Webster enjoyed, their confusion amazingly.

SAILOR AND HIGHWAYMAN.

A SAILOR was once travelling in a coach which was attacked by robbers. "Your money," said one of the robbers to the sailor.

"You shan't have it," said Jack.

"Then I will blow your brains."

"Blow away—I may as well be without brains, as without money. Drive on coachee."

SCHOOL EXAMINATION.

"John, how do you parse grandmother?"

"I doesn't pass her at all, I always goes in to get a cookey."

"What is the singular of men?"

"They is singular ven they pays their debts without being axed to do it a dozen times."

SOUL-TOUCHING WIT.—The Inquirer has the following:—A lady residing in England, who had a number of female servants in her family, and to whom she on one occasion, gave to each a pair of cast-off, half-worn shoes, found the following impromptu on her chamber mantle, the succeeding morning:—

"How careful should our mistress be,
The narrow path to choose,
When all the maids within the house
Are walking in her shoes."

DON'T BELIEVE IT.—It is said that there are people in the "Mountain District" of Kentucky so green that they followed a wagon which happened to pass that way twenty miles, "just to see whether the hind wheel would overtake the fore one."

SERIOUS WIT.—A gentleman walking thro' the streets of Mexico, saw a soldier sitting on the steps of a portico gambling with dice. "Do you not know it is wrong to rattle the bones?" said he.

"How can I help it?" replied the man: "I'm one of the skeleton regiment."

GETTING THE SACK.—A gentleman who has a warm side for a young lady was making fun of a sack she wore. "You had better keep quiet or I'll give you the sack," replied the lady archly. "I should be most happy," was the gallant's response, "if you would give it to me as it is, with yourself inside of it!"

Further deponent saith not.

A WESTERN editor gives the following as the most approved method of killing fleas in those parts:—"Place the animal on a pine board, and edge him in with putty: then read him an account of all the railroad and steamboat accidents which have happened in the last twelve months. As he becomes so frightened as not to be able to stir, draw out his teeth, and he will starve to death."

Boy.—A-x-e—axe.

Teacher.—What is axe?

Boy.—An instrument for cutting.

Teacher.—How many kind of axes are there?

Boy.—Broad axe, narrow axe, post axe, and—
and axe of the legislature and axe of the apostles.

Teacher.—Go to the head, my boy.—*Cambridge Chronical.*

THE LIVE ONE.—A little girl meeting a countryman with a load of slaughtered swine, dropped a curtesy. The rustic laughed without returning the civility.—"Whar," said he, do you curtesy to dead hogs?" "No, sir," replied the little miss, "I curtesied to the live one."

A PERSON riding on horseback thro' a country town, met one day an awkward fellow leading a calf, when he accosted him as follows: "How odd it looks to see one calf leading another!" "Yes," replied the other, "but not so odd as to see a calf on horseback!" Now the horseman "went on his way, and I saw him no more."

The following was lately stuck upon the door of a Centre street groggery: "This house is removed round the corner 'till the repairs are done." Some fellow wrote underneath, "Inquire of Mr Snooks in the cellar until the house comes back!"

Why are certain patrons to the newspapers like wheel horses? Because they hold back well.

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1849.

A SELF MADE MAN.

We introduce to the notice of our many readers, to day, a Biographical sketch of the Hon. Zadock Pratt, of Prattsville, Greene County, New-York.

The interest manifested in the destiny of this extraordinary person's life, has induced us to give it a place in our columns. And we know few, if any, more worthy of commendation than the subject of this notice, either as an artizan or a public benefactor; in each of which relations he has claims upon every son and daughter of the Empire State. Who can read the story of his early life—his assiduity, industry—his perseverance, skill and ingenuity, without admiration? These traits of character, have passed into a proverb, among the industrious classes—have become a bye-word from Maine to Georgia.

Young men desirous of distinction, anxious to become "MANLY MEN," would do well to study the character and follow the example of Zadock Pratt.

As a citizen of the Republic, he is known to most of us; as a man of benevolence and kindness, to all about him, his name is honored in the mountain district wherein his picturesque retreat, is placed: perennial as the verdure at their feet—lasting as the hills among which he lives!

By the force of native talent, genius, if you will, he has attained distinction, achieved eminence, honor, fame and fortune!

It is well said of this personage, his life administers a rebuke to the indolent, the romantic, the young, and changeable—Novelty! any thing for a change. *Dreaming only of that, he really obtained—*

*"riches—
Ready to drop upon them, that, when waken'd
They'd cry to dream again."*

In closing this brief allusion to Mr. Pratt, it may well be remarked—

*"Man must labor; nought is sleeping
In the dimmest, brightest zone,
From the worm of painful creeping
To the seraph on the throne."*

THE STEAMER MANHATTAN.

THIS fine Steamer known as one of the swiftest Boats on the Hudson, will land at our docks, each Monday and Friday afternoon, of every week, during the season. She is under the command of a very popular Captain, William B. Nelson, and the well-known experienced Pilot, Hazard Morey, formerly of the Hudson Steamer; little doubt can be entertained, from the high reputation of her officers, of her obtaining a full share of patronage. In fact—when we say, that "LE VALLEY" is the agent of this splendid boat, she cannot fail of having her full complement of passengers. Her accommodations are superior, having seventeen State Rooms.

MELANCHOLY EVENT!!

ONE of our fellow citizens, Mr. JOSEPH E. CLARK, employed in the Coal-Yard of Mr. Israel Platt, of this city, was found on Tuesday morning last, in the river, his throat cut from ear to ear, and the pockets of his coat filled with stones. He was missed from home for several days prior to this event. It had been noted that he was absent-minded, and disinclined to conversation, for some time previous.

An inquest was held on the body, and from the circumstance of money being found on his person, a verdict was rendered, "death by his own act."

Mr. Clark was a man, sensitive in a high degree. Whence proceed, under the irritation of disease, acts of which this is a brief record; and among his fellow men, he was regarded as a man of integrity. Honorable in all his dealings with them—frank, open-hearted, kind and generous.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

A. L. W. Scholastic Court House, N. Y. \$2.00; A. D. Menden, N. Y. \$1.00; C. C. Cedarville, N. Y. \$0.50; W. W. G. Halsey Valley, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Paris Furnace, N. Y. \$5.00; L. A. W. New-York, \$1.00; Mrs. E. B. Owego, N. Y. \$1.00.

MARRIAGES.

By the Rev. Dr. Gosman, Thomas S. Thompson, of Saugerties, to Louisa Weaver, of Hudson.
On Saturday, March 24th, by William H. Hawver, Esq. Peter Snyder to Catherine Houghtaling, all of Tughrkanic.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 29th ult. Mr. James Duff, Jr. Cashier of the Farmers' Bank, in the 31st year of his age.
On the 29th ult. Mrs. Elizabeth Underwood, widow of the late Jonas Underwood, in the 92d year of her age.
At Claverack, on the 27th ult. Joanna Gano, aged 92 years and 4 months.
In New-York on the 8th inst. after a lingering illness, Mrs. Mary C. Dunning, consort of Henry T. Dunning, and daughter of Stephen W. Miller, aged 27 years, 3 months and 13 days.
At New-York, on Monday the 9th inst. Ann, widow of Addison Porter, late of this city, deceased, and sister of Henry Hogeboom, Esq. of this city.
At Nantucket, on the 25th ult. Hon. Hezekiah Barnard, aged 80 years.
Inodus, Wayne Co. on the 15th Feb. Mrs. Lucy A. wife of Thompson P. Hood, aged 30 years, 2 months and 2 days.
At Panama, on the 2d Feb. Mr. Nathan G. Rogers, formerly of this city, aged 32 years.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

Lo! in the sweet domestic bower
The pale destroyer comes again;
Comes with his stern resistless power,
Attended by a mournful train.
An ebon veil is wrapped around
Each pleasing scene of earthly bliss;
Dread silence reigns, with awe profound,
When all was mirth and joyousness,
The smiling heavens are draped in gloom,
The sun emits no cheering light,
Nature's a blank—the world a tomb—
All—all—is one impervious night.
Ah, who will cheer the lonely hearth,
When winter winds howl sad and drear,
Who'll bring the dear delights of earth,
And chase away each anxious fear?
Who'll come at twilight's pensive hour,
When memories, faithful memories flow;
When in a strange entrancing power
Mysterious music, murmurs low?
When every leaf and curling vine,
That trembles on the gusty breeze,
Thoughts of the fleeting past entwined,
And whisper in the wavering trees.
Who'll pluck the canker of despair
Deep rankling in each smitten breast?
Plant hopes delightful promise there,
And give the troubled spirit rest?
Not *Him* the loved of other days,
With sunshine on his brow will come;
Singing love's sweet and artless lays,
Gilding with smiles his happy home.
He sleeps, the pale moon in her flight,
Throws her cold beams around his bed,
He slumbers—while the planets light
The cold turf altar of the dead.
Could woman's soft and balmy breath
The cold, the pulseless heart have warmed,
Love had disrobed the monster death,
And the insatiate foe-disarmed,
In vain! 'mid manhood's freshest bloom,
Down sinks his bright meridian sun,
In clouds and darkness to the tomb
Ere half life's hasty glass had run.
Beyond the stormy sea of life,
He stands on Canaan's cloudless shore,
Where sorrow, tears, disease and strife
And farewell sighs are heard no more,
His bark is moored in quiet rest,
No winds or waves are 'round it hurled,
He sings and soars among the blest,
Far from this cold inconstant world,
Then weep no more ye smitten band,
But lift your tearful eyes above,
Soon will you view the "spirit land,"
And cull the fadeless flowers of love.

Sag Harbor, L. I. 1849.

For the Rural Repository.

STANZAS,

Addressed to R**** H*****, Esq. on his birthday.

BY ISAAC COBB.

INGENUOUS brother, hail! my spirit lyre
Would move the muse to friendship's warm desire,
That joy may re-adorn her spacious bower,
And dedicate to thee her sweetest flower.
Did time produce at each diurnal round,
One soul as true, then virtue might abound,

And our Columbia aspire to be
The alma mater of the wise and free.
Gorham, Maine, 1849.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

LOVE ALL THINGS.

BY MARIE ROSEAU.

Love all things: love the little bird, whose song on summer
days

Rings clearly through the fragrant air in soft, melodious
praise.

Oh! love him, and his notes will lure thy heart from busy
care,

And pleasant thoughts may fill thy soul as thou his joy wilt
share;

And learn this lesson from his song—"Thy Father cares for
all,

And His all-seeing eye will mark the smallest sparrow
fall."

Love all things: love the fresh, pure flowers, their fragrance,
form and dye,

And let the humblest of the train be pleasing to thine eye.

When wearied with a present grief, oppressed with future
fear,

Thou seek'st some rural, quiet glade, where they are blooming
near,

Then, as thine eye is sweetly charmed, this truth thy mind will
see,

That "He who careth for the flowers will care much more
for thee."

Love all things: love the gentle rill that softly glides along,
Thus spreading verdure round thy path and charming with
its song;

And when the efforts of thy love, weak, feeble, fruitless
seem,

And all alluring is the dross that gilds ambition's dream,
Learn thou, though mighty waterfalls the soul with wonder
fill,

Yet yield thee less of good to man than such a little rill.

Love all things: love the brilliant stars that gem the darkened
skies,

Whose radiant lustre makes the night well pleasing in our
eyes;

Then, as thy glance is upward turned, raise thou thy soul
above,

Still higher to His holy throne who fills all heaven with
love;

And if a shade be o'er thy path, this thought to thee is
given,

The gloom of earth may be dispelled by brighter hopes in
heaven.

Love all things: love the insect tribe, the meanest living
thing

That humbly creeps along the ground or flits upon the
wing;

And each may in its quiet way some gentle lesson give,
Which, if thou only rightly learn, may, long as thou shalt
live,

New blessings round thy earthly way in rich abundance
spread,

Or guard thee from some glittering sword suspended o'er thy
head.

Love all: love thou thy fellow-man—the rich who in his
gold

Deems he may find a perfect bliss, a treasure still untold;

The poor who in his poverty bemoans a weary fate!

He who has gained him many friends; the wand'rer deso-
late;

Let each to thee a brother be, act thou a brother's part,
And Heaven will pour the blessing back upon thy feeling
heart.

These shalt thou love—yet dearer far than all things let Him
be,

Who, in his heavenly mercy, gives a loving heart to thee;

Then all that breathe, the rill, the flowers, the shining orbs
above,

Will lend thy spirit to the source, the real source of love;

And when to all on earth most dear will close thy drooping
eye,
Thy best affections will expand more purely in the
sky.

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